

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cocke.  
Some say that ever 'gainst that leason comes,  
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
And then they say no spirit dares stirre abroad,  
The nights are wholsome; then no Planets strike,  
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charme;  
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and doe in part beleve it:  
But looke, the morne in russet mantle clad  
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:  
Breake we our watch up, and by my advice  
Let us impart what we have seene to night  
Unto young *Hamlet*; for upon my life  
This spirit dumbe to us will speake to him.  
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's doo't I pray; and I this morning know  
Where we shall finde him most convenient.

*Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the  
Queene, Councell, as Polonius, and his sonne Laer-  
tes, Hamlet, cum aliis.*

*Claud.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death  
The memory be greene, and that it us befitted  
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome  
To be contracted in one brow of woe:  
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,  
Together with remembrance of our selves:  
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene,  
Th' imperiall jointresse to this warlike State,  
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,  
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,  
Inequall scale weighing delight and dole,  
Taken to wife, nor have we heren barr'd

Your

## Prince of Denmark

Your better wisdoms, whi  
With this affaie along (for  
Now followes, that you kn  
Holding a weake supposall o  
Or thinking by our late dea  
Our state to be dis-joint, an  
Colleagued with this dream  
He hath not faild to pester u  
Importing the surrender of  
Loft by his father, with all b  
To our most valiant brother  
Now for our selfe, and for th  
Thus much the businesse is,  
To *Norway*, Uncle of young  
Who impotent and bedrid,  
Of this his Nephewes purpo  
His further gate herein, in t  
The lists, and full proportio  
Out of his subjects: and we  
You good *Cornelius*, and yo  
For bearers of this greeting  
Giving to you no further pe  
To businesse with the King  
Of these delated Articles al  
Farewell, and let your haste

*Cor.Vo.* In that, & all thing

*King.* We doubt it nothin  
And now *Laertes*, what's th  
You told us of some suit, wh  
You cannot speake of reason  
And lose your voice: what w  
That shall not be my offer, r  
The head is not more native  
The hand more instrumenta  
Than is the throne of *Denn*  
What wouldst thou have *La*  
*Laer.* My dread Lord,  
Your leave and favour to ret